The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

VOL. I. (New Series.) No. 7. JULY, 1903. PRICE, ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Galileo. Poem. G. M.	99
2. Emerson, the Man. An Address. Joseph Wood	99
3. Children at the Farm	102
4. The Question of a Future Life. J. H. Allen	103
5. The Garden of Perfect Rest. Poem. Shapcott Wensley	105
6. Portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson... ...	106
7. Notes and Jottings	107
8. The New Womanhood. From an Address by John W. Chadwick	108
9. Reviews	111
10. News from the Field	113
11. The Children's Page	114

Galileo.

"And yet it moves!" Oh, Truth, where wast thou then,
When all for thee they racked each piteous limb?
Wert thou in heaven, and busy with thy hymn,
When these poor hands convulsed that held thy pen?
Art thou a phantom that deceivest men
To their undoing? or dost thou watch him,
Pale, cold, and silent in his dungeon dim?
And wilt thou never speak to him again?
"It moves, it moves!" Alas, my flesh was weak;
That was a hideous dream! I'll cry aloud
How the green bulk wheels sunward day by day!
Ah, me! ah, me! perchance my heart was proud
That I alone should know that word to speak;
And now, sweet Truth, shine upon these, I pray."

If thou would'st live thy Truth in very deed,
Thou hast thy joy, but thou hast more of pain.
Others will live in peace, and thou be fain
To bargain with despair, and in thy need
To make thy meal upon the scantiest weed.
These palaces, for thee they stand in vain,
Thine is a ruinous hut; and oft the rain
Shall drench thee in the midnight; yea, the speed
Of earth outstrip thee, pilgrim, while thy feet
Move slowly up the height. Yet there will come
Through the time-rents about thy morning cell,
Shot from Truth's own bow, and flaming sweet,
An arrow for despair, and oft the hum
Of far-off populous realms where spirits dwell.

G. M.

A greater, deeper force than our own is behind our plans. We meant to do this; and lo! that.

Emerson, the Man.

AN ADDRESS GIVEN ON SUNDAY, MAY 24TH, 1903.

"Wisdom I loved and sought out from my youth, and I sought to take her for my bride, and I became enamoured of her beauty."—WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

Just one hundred years ago there was born in Boston a child destined to be the most quickening influence on human thought America has produced. America has had greater scholars, finer poets, more illuminating critics, more powerful theologians, but no one has so wonderfully touched her mind, no one is so widely felt in all her best life and culture, there is no one to whom so many feel a vast indebtedness as Emerson. After Dean Stanley visited America he said, "I heard many sermons there, but they were all Emerson." We who only read his works feel the electric thrill,—how much more responsive were they who came under the magic spell of that delightful personality, who heard that throbbing voice, and were kindled into enthusiasm by that fearless, serene, and gracious character. There must have been something unique about Emerson when we find so cool-brained a critic as Mr. Lowell writing thus:—"I have heard some great speakers and accomplished orators, but never one that so moved and persuaded men as he . . . Those who heard him

while their natures were yet plastic, and their mental nerves trembled under the slightest breath of diviner air, will never cease to feel and say:

Was never eye did see that face,
Was never ear did hear that tongue,
Was never mind did mind his grace
That ever thought the travel long:
But eyes, and ears, and every thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught."

Now, the influence of Emerson in America is all the remarkable because he is not the typical American at all. Americans are reckoned a practical people, who would rather hear about wireless telegraphy than Plato, yet to ordinary men Emerson's essays are the most impracticable stuff in the world—mere mist and moonshine. Americans are thought to be fond of the spread-eagle style in public speech, and nothing can be more remote from that than Emerson's crisp aphorisms, with their unobtrusive half-tints and simplicity. They are supposed to worship the almighty dollar, whereas Emerson chanted the beauty of the simple life, and illustrated in his own home and person how high thinking and plain living might go together. Yet, to-day, no Pierpont Morgan and no President Roosevelt exercises such sway over the thoughtful mind of America as Emerson. His life stands a perpetual rebuke to the glare and glitter, the greed and hurry, the money-worship, the vulgar publicity, and the still more vulgar luxury of which we hear so much. He lived for forty years on his little plot at Concord, in a dwelling not much bigger or more pretentious than a New England farm house, with a yearly income which would not pay for a single night's entertainment in a New York mansion. But it was a life serene as the broad heavens at sunset, and with that high and clear sanity which is as far removed from midsummer madness as it is from grovelling earthliness. In a word, Emerson supplied America with a counterpoise to her absorbing materialities.

Emerson the man is on the whole America's most precious possession. He is the very ideal of the calm, thoughtful, sincere, cultured life,—the record as clear as the rain-swept skies; no faults and follies to be excused on the ground of the emotional temperament, no need of apologies for shortcomings, no explanation of vices which would have been virtues but for the excitabilities of genius. Here was a man truthful as the day, just and irreproachable in all his dealings, dear to his friends, beloved at his fireside, kindly to all sorts and conditions of men, with unbounded faith in the goodness of the world and the glory of nature, and with that sweetness of disposition which made men love him almost as if he were a woman. Men who had given up faith in Christ found in Emerson a new Christ to believe in. I suppose the most difficult couple to please at that time in the British Isles were Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, but when Emerson found them out at Craigenputtock Mrs. Carlyle spoke of the event as a visit from the clouds brightening the prevailing grey, and Carlyle wrote:—"That man came to see me; I don't know what brought him, and we kept him one night, and then he left us. I saw him go up the hill; I didn't go with him to see him descend. I preferred to watch him mount and vanish like an angel!" Emerson appears to have been the only friend of whom the Carlyles never said a cruel word. It must have been a remarkable personality that could excite the admiration, not to say the raptures, of people like Lowell and the Carlyles.

The son of a minister, the descendant of a long line of ministers, the fine flower of a noble Puritan stock dating back to the *Mayflower*, it seems natural that Emerson as a boy should have been of a serious turn of mind, and one who found his pleasure in books rather than games. It was severe discipline he went through in his early days—the discipline of poverty and toil. His mother, early left a widow, was often put to the hardest straits to keep the wolf from the door; yet there was not a happier or more united family in Boston. In after days, Emerson, bringing out the picture of such a family from the pigeon-holes of memory and experience, writes:—"What is the hoop that holds them stanch? It is the iron bond of poverty, and necessity, and austerity, which, excluding them from the sensual enjoyments which make other boys too early old, has directed their activity into safe and right channels, and made them, despite themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful, the good. Ah! short-sighted students of books, of nature, of man! too happy could they know their advantages, they pine for freedom from that mild, parental yoke; they sigh for fine clothes, for rides, for theatres, and premature freedom and dissipation which others possess. Woe to them if

their wishes were crowned. The angels that dwell with them, and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows, are Toil, Want, Truth, and Mutual Faith."

So we hear of Emerson and his brothers cleaning the knives, blacking the boots, lighting fires, chopping wood, digging the potato plot, driving the cow to and from the Common, and from these things turning quite naturally to Virgil, Plutarch, Bacon, Shakespeare, and Priestley's Essays, varied now and then by a novel surreptitiously smuggled into the little bedroom. From the first Emerson was a lover of Wisdom; early he became enamoured of her beauty, and to her he gave the devotion of a life-time. Never did one more faithfully follow the gleam than he. In obedience to her he gave up the ministry after three years' toil. He wanted more freedom than the conventions of the pulpit and the wishes of congregations allowed. Getting a living henceforth by lecturing, he gave himself to the service of Wisdom, to communion with Nature, to the problems of life and living from the point of view of the poet, leaving behind him an imperishable memory, and some half-dozen thin volumes to which men resort as to a storehouse of pearls of brightest lustre.

He began as a poet, and in a measure remained one always, if we can divorce the poet from the technique of the art. His was a poetic force, a uniform recognition of the permanent power and reality of the ideal element in human life. His appeal was always to that, whether he were discussing the old dramatists, or domestic life, success, art, farming, or civilisation. In all he was a poetic force. He was fond of quoting the saying of Thomas Moore's that "if Burke and Bacon were not poets (measured lines not being necessary to constitute one), he did not know what poetry meant." But in things specifically poetic he does not stand with Longfellow and Whittier —to mention only two of his compeers. Nor did the purely poetic vein run very far. In this respect he is something like Matthew Arnold, whose still deeper vein of poetry too soon came to an end. Indeed, there are quite singular points of likeness between these two. They were both men of serenity and sanity; they both began with poetry, and after a short flight took to prose; they both broke away from the religious convictions of their time, and both helped to re-construct the thought of men about the deep things of life and conduct; both held aloft the ideal; both were noble examples of fidelity to truth, and determined to see things as they are, of ethical fibre touched by spiritual emotion, and sweetness of nature combined with a certain Puritan toughness. Their poetic moods were those that are rare and subtle, appealing to the few, rather than those that are common and universal. And both had the gift of happiness in themselves.

This, however, is not the time or place for any appreciation of Emerson as a literary genius; we are now concerned with the man. I have spoken of his early discipline, his serenity of disposition, his transparent sanity, his freedom of mind, the fructifying power of his thought. Much remains. I might ask you to notice his good-humoured tolerance; the gentle irony with which he treated all extremes; the fact that the Puritan part of America felt that, after all, he was on the side of the angels; his detachment from the crowd. But I have only time to speak a word as to his resolute determination to be himself, to be no echo or copy, but to be just Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was an Individualist to the backbone. He would not be carved and clipped by the crowd to their idea of how a man should shape his thought and life. Let each tree of the forest grow according to its own divine idea. The palm lifts up a different head from the pine, and there must be no complaint because they both differ from the oak. One star differeth from another star in glory, how much more man from man? The greatest gift one can bestow on a man is to enable him to be himself. There is no slavery like that of habit, custom, tradition, the bondage of the past, the authority of great names. Every man can become acquainted at first-hand with Deity. To think for oneself and think wrongly is better than to think rightly at second, for truly then we do not think at all, but only think that we think. It has been asserted that Emerson was wanting in reverence for the past; but it was necessary for the world that a voice should be heard declaring that God speaketh, not spake, and that the great souls of olden time were no more privileged with visions and power than we may be to-day. He had no mind for forms, ideas, sacraments, churches, creeds, whose chief recommendation is that they date from

some far-off century. The world is not mortgaged to the past. Life to-day is as fresh and creative as for Adam and Eve. "Trust thyself" is a message which he hammered into his generation. Everyone has something original about him, something to give the world which cannot otherwise be given. Mr. Chesterton has just told us that "Browning believed to every man that ever lived upon this earth had been given a definite and peculiar confidence of God." It is not known whether Browning had ever read Emerson, but in the famous Divinity School address the nineteenth century first heard that note.

JOSEPH WOOD.

Children at the Farm.

"Only little children may play here; boys and lads are forbidden." This inscription is set up by a piece of wayside turf just outside the old Surrey town of Godalming. It shows a respect for the joys of little children most creditable to those who passed such a thoughtful rule; for their playgrounds and play admit no trespass. That is partly why the farm and the farmyard hold such an exalted place in their esteem, for everyone else there is always busy, and they can have all the animals and the place entirely to themselves. The animals alone, especially the young ones, from bantam chickens to the latest calves, would make the thing an unqualified success. But when you have all the joy of "bossing" most of these animals, nursing, feeding, patting, and putting them to bed, together with permission to lend a hand in the serious work of finding eggs and even making up the butter, the farm is first among all places of amusement and the rest simply nowhere.

Children who are lucky enough to have a home-farm "of their own," which means one in which they are allowed to do what they like whenever they go into the country for a holiday, look forward to their first day at the farm with more ardour even than the sportsman does to his first morning on the manor or by the stream. They know all the permanent animals personally, such as the farm cats, the bull (if there is one), and the turkey-cock, both of which they hold in dreadful awe, the farm dog, the horses, and their special pets among the cows. But then there is the huge excitement, first of seeing all the "new ones"—that is, the offspring which have arrived while they were away—and next of making discoveries of the most important kind of which (of course) no one *ever knew*. The absolutely first and most delightful search is for new litters of kittens, of which they are darkly told that people "think there are some about." The question is, where? All the places where kittens were ever known to be are rapidly thought over, discussed, and argued about,—the hayloft, the sack-room, the horses' manger, the granary, the big barn, the little barn, the cow-house, the woodstack. Then these are all thoroughly "drawn," till the mewing of kittens discloses where the family is lying. Of course, they are all caught up, cuddled, squeezed, carried in pinafores into the farm kitchen, dropped, stroked, and generally made uncomfortable, and then allotted to the finders according to age and precedence in the family circle. As the cats naturally feel agitated when the kittens are overhauled about three times a day, they hide them again in fresh places at night. This leads first to breathless apprehension that they have been made away with, and then to further and exciting hunts, till the interesting family is re-discovered.

Puppies do not rank quite so high as kittens, neither are they common objects of the farmyard. But the poultry are an increasing joy. First, the eggs have to be found. This is real sport, for farmyard hens choose all kinds of odd places, or may do so, which is quite enough for the more adventurous to risk climbing on to the tops of strawricks, and gives an excuse for indulging in this forbidden luxury. The discovery of each nest is a further joy, and the place carefully noted for future visits, the individual hen using each identified and described, and all the eggs *with the nest-eggs* brought to the farm. Children never break the eggs they find,—at least they never seem to. The farm-woman always points out the nest-eggs, and tells them to take them back, which they do, generally remembering which nest each of these belongs to, one "belonging" to "the nice little yellow hen under the pine-tree," and another to the "horrid old black hen in the stable." They lord it over chickens, always being mighty fussy and particular that each brood shall keep to its own hen, and (if they are allowed to) catching those which stray to mammas not their own, to the infinite indignation of both hens, and amid protesting

screams from the chicks. But they always enforce this nursery discipline with grave severity. The most exciting part of "finding the eggs" comes after all the hens' nests have been identified. Then is the time for the serious work of finding the guinea fowls' and wild ducks' nests. The former are the great prizes of the farmyard, pearls and diamonds compared with such pebbles as hens' eggs. Moreover, when not laid in hedges, they are generally in the middle of nettle beds, dangerous and painful jungles, the story of encounters with which is told with eyes round with horror and tragic narrative. They rise at dawn to see which way the guinea fowls go, which those wily birds never by any chance allow them to do. But sometimes they do find a nest generally with about a dozen eggs in it, all brown speckled and as hard as stones, and these are a trophy for which they expect and receive infinite credit. Also they have them for tea, which is a great honour in itself, and of which they make a social function by asking their friends to join them.

In places where there are pedigree herds which are occasionally sold by auction, children have a new game, that of holding cattle sales, and bidding fancy prices for the "lots" put up. But on the occasion of real sales they are generally in a fright that some special favourite will be parted with, and have been known to go off and weep when the animal was being bid for, and to be most demonstrative on learning that it had not "reached the reserve." They also test their wooden animals for tuberculosis, and weigh their milk. They are always distressed that so few animals in the farm lend themselves to decoration. You cannot decorate a chicken, or a duck, or a little pig (which they always long to nurse), or a kitten, or a horse, which is too tall, or a goose, which they are afraid of. But the calves are very desirable from their point of view. They will stand quite still, and can be combed, groomed, and brushed with all the toilet implements kept to make the animals smart for shows, until those responsible almost fear that the calf will be brushed to death, and suggest that it might wear a daisy chain instead, which when made and put on either the decorated calf or another always eats.

The final act of the happy farmyard day consists in "putting the ducks to bed." Now, if this is done late, when the ducks *want* to go to bed, it is not very exciting, neither does it show the ducks that the children know better than they do what is good for them, which is part of the intellectual pride which children feel in acting as the Providence of the farmyard. But if put to bed before they want to go, the ducks generally make for the pond, and in heading them off and then working them round to the duck-house door much skill and authority can be shown. It then only remains for each to make up a pat of butter for their particular friends among the "grown-ups" to have for breakfast next morning, and to say good-night, for all the farm creatures are already thinking of going to sleep. It may be asked, "How do the animals like it?" On the whole, they seem to be generally aware of the situation, and to distinguish between children and grown-up strangers. We have known a very wild and commonly quick-tempered pony allow a child to run under its belly in an orchard, though if a man had done the same thing he would have had his skull kicked in. The creatures do not fear little children as they do adults, or apparently even suspect that they mean to hurt them, a conclusion which years of domestication have probably made hereditary.

The Question of a Future Life.

Along with decay of the old ecclesiasticism, many have felt their hold giving way upon faith in a future immortal life. It appears to me not wise to disguise from ourselves the gravity and extent of this change. It is brought home to us in two ways. On one hand, it is no longer possible to appeal with any confidence as proof to the resurrection of Jesus, because that is the very fact of history most open to dispute—to say nothing of multitudes of eager believers in immortality who would be only affronted and perplexed by being asked to stake it on an event like that, or the millions outside the Christian world to whom it is pure fable. On the other hand, as the terms of the question come to be better understood, there results a state of mind which feels that no testimony and no argument can cover the whole ground. To such a state of mind reason and imagination are alike dumb and helpless, when once it is admitted to be an open question.

In reality, it is not one question only, but three: If a man die shall he live again? if he live again shall he live forever? if he live again and forever, shall he live with his present thoughts and memory, bearing still in his soul the impression of this transitory life? It is easy for the mind to repose in a belief which it never questions. It is easy to look forward if not with confidence yet with hope—with intellectual calmness at any rate—to the possibilities of being that may unfold themselves hereafter. But it is not only difficult, it is (I think) clearly and even necessarily impossible to obtain anything like intellectual certitude by such process of argument as has commonly been attempted. The best our reasoning can do is to legitimate the belief when we already have it.

Let me state the point, if I can, with absolute candour and plainness. I do not at all undervalue the assurance which many persons undoubtingly profess. I do not think that any conceivable worldly gain, or prospect of success, or delight, or suffering could weigh for a moment in comparison with the positive certainty of endless existence, including the judgments and compensations it must bring with it. Indeed, it seems ridiculous even to hint the terms of such comparison. But have I any reason to suppose that I can by any process of reasoning establish that certainty? I learn in history that the best minds of all ages, from Plato down, have spent themselves upon that matter, with results absolutely futile and vain if we compare the thing attempted with the thing achieved. I learn, again, that many generations have lived in undoubting belief of immortality through the Christian revelation—sometimes in abject terror at its judgments, sometimes in ecstatic hope of its celestial glories. I learn, still further, that the genuineness of that revelation, or its meaning, opens that one question about which the learning, the critical science, and the honest judgment of our day are most hopelessly divided.

Such is the net result, the summing up of near three thousand years of disputation. Now I have already lived for seventy years, and I cannot at best look forward to so much as twenty more. At twenty, as I can look back and well remember, I had a strong, intense, passionate desire to know the truth behind the veil. To that desire I may probably owe more that has gone for good into my own mental life than to any other single thing. But to my eye, at least, that veil has not yet been lifted. It is even thicker now than it seemed those fifty years ago. It appears to me that I can make a better use of my remaining time, than to devote my powers, such as they are, to attempting what no man has done yet in these three thousand years—that is, a grasp of rational assurance in this matter, to satisfy myself or others. There is a great deal for me to learn yet in the present life, and I trust something for me gratefully to enjoy: something, no doubt, to suffer. At any rate, there is a great deal for me to do of a different sort, which I honestly think I can do, as I honestly think I cannot that. So I will not question and torment myself in vain; but wait and hope.

This, I think, is a right and legitimate state of mind. It is confirmed in me by what I see around me. I should have been afraid, once, to imagine how many I have since known, who have come, gravely, sadly perhaps, but at length quite contentedly, to the same result. In some cases it has been with conflict and bitterness, after a hard, joyless, unprosperous, painful experience of life. In such cases I have deeply lamented that some way could not have been open, by religious sympathies and fellowship, to unseal the fountain of sweeter and happier emotion. Such sealed-up capabilities, such baffled and broken struggles, are perhaps, after all, our best indications of another life—such as they are; far better, certainly, than logical demonstrations, or the rapturous assurances that almost invite a reaction into unbelief.

Now to such persons, in their actual state of mind, it would be wholly out of the question to accept the common argument for a future unending life. In fact, they have no desire to look forward to it. The mere thought of continued existence has become a burden. Again and again, such persons have said to me that they craved and looked forward to nothing else than the repose of sleep and utter forgetfulness. Rest from toil, ease from pain, oblivion from the torment of haunting memory—this negative bliss was the only boon they longed for. Any form of conscious life or activity—to endure even for another period so long as they have lived already—it would be mere weariness and pain to anticipate: the blank anticipation of an *eternity* of

contemplation and repose (which is what it means to many) would be a prospect of unspeakable dismay. What can I say to these so widely different moods of mind? What can I say to one class of minds, that would not seem to mock the hope or else to increase the burden of the other class?

This I think I can say, in the first place, with absolute confidence: that I am very much more sure that the law of my being is ordered rightly, than that it is ordered in any particular way. I do not know in the least whether unending existence would be best for me, constituted as I am; but I am perfectly sure that if it is best for me, constituted as I am—which is the same as saying that it is in harmony with the laws of my being—then it will be my destiny. I do not see that we need to have the least anxiety to know more than this. To know as much as this—in the only sense in which we can be said to have knowledge of such things—is not a matter for scientific proof. It is simply an experience, an attainment of the religious life. It is simply the fact of what in the language of religion is called our reconciliation with the will of God: that is, to accept intelligently the law of our existence. If anyone craves and seeks a clearer certainty than this, then I say that his only likelihood to get it is not by any process of intellectual argument, but by cultivating the emotions and the forms of religious sympathy that lead that way.

One thing more I might say to such a one: that this great hope of humanity, if it cannot be proved, so on the other hand cannot be disproved, and should not be denied. The miracle of life is so prodigious, that it seems of itself to invite the mind into that larger hope. In some conditions of life—in bereavement, disappointment, or hopeless suffering—I should say that one might do well to devote his best thought and endeavour to cultivate that mood of mind, to attain (if it may be) that faculty of celestial vision which always sees the heavens open and angels of God ascending and descending between us and Him. To others, again, I should say rather: "Keep that hope in your heart as a treasure *in reserve;* do not deny it or cast it away, for the day may come when you would give all you are worth to bring back only a little gleam of it."

But I should also say: "Do not let any doubt that may rest upon it be an excuse for debasing or forfeiting your belief in what *is* high, pure, noble, generous in life. Above all, do not consent to that whining and craven tone indulged in by many religionists, which professes to find nothing to enjoy, nothing to be glad of, nothing to be grateful for, in this life, unless the Author of it shall add to it an infinity more of the same sort, or better. This last degradation, the most contemptible form of impious ingratitude in the guise of piety—at least clear your soul of this. There is much to do in life—a task worthy and noble for the humblest of us. There is much to enjoy, something to suffer, for us all. Make this life true, and it shall be well with you whether for this life only, or for life everlasting. For the times and the seasons the Lord of Life 'hath kept hidden in his hand.'"

J. H. Allen.

The Garden of Perfect Rest:

FROME CEMETERY.

Beyond the walls of the quaint old town,
On a grassy hill-slope, looking down
O'er the tranquil vale in its beauty dressed,
There blooms the garden of perfect rest.
O the desolate hearts that have followed here
The sacred dust of the loved and dear!

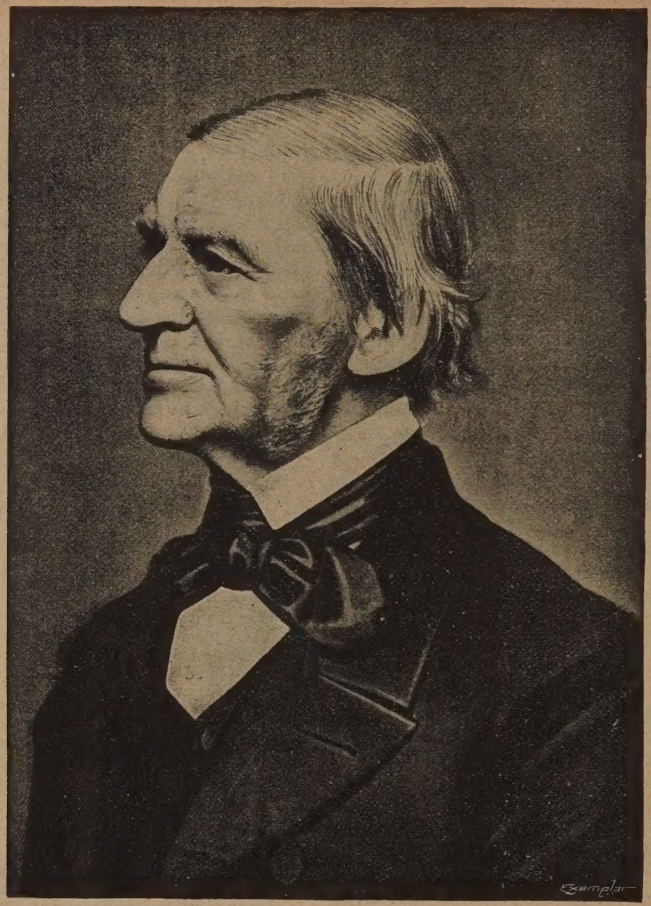
I came when the leaves of the Autumn lay
In dying glory on Vallis Way;
The trees were weeping, the grave-flowers kissed
By the chilling frost and the cheerless mist;
Alas! like the leaves we must fade and fall!
And the mist of death shall enfold us all!

I came in the Spring, and the changeful scene
Was glad in the splendour of bud and green!
As though by the Angels of God caressed,
Lay the lovely garden of perfect rest!
O can it be thus with the souls that mourn,
And hearts by the tempests of winter torn?

Peace, sorrowful heart! for no one knows
What spring-time is near, or what summer glows,
With flowers that are fadeless, and joys sublime,
Beyond the shadows and tears of time,
In a home of love where no griefs molest,
Beyond the garden of perfect rest!

Shapcott Wensley.

We ask for long life, but 'tis deep life or grand moments that signify. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Seed-Corn from Emerson.

Hitch your wagon to a star.

Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue.

God will not make himself manifest to cowards.

There is no profane history: all history is sacred.

The way of life is wonderful: it is by abandonment.

When half-gods go, the gods arrive.

They only who build on Ideas build for Eternity.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

Nature is too thin a screen: the glory of the One breaks in everywhere.

Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now.

Notes and Jottings.

The retirement of Dr. Maclaren from the pastorate of Union Chapel, Manchester, which he has held for 45 years, has just been announced. He has been a singularly impressive figure not only in the town and district which he has served so loyally, but also in the religious life of the country at large. He leaves many popular preachers in the field, but few, if any, so searching and spiritual and scriptural. His career is a notable instance of the universal recognition of religious gifts of a rare and refined order. Dr. Maclaren's theology is not ours. We cannot always see eye to eye with him in his interpretation of the facts of Christian history and religious experience; but we pity the man whose life is not touched to nobler issues alike by his spoken and his written word.

Dr. Horton has been trying the interesting experiment of inviting several hundreds of his brethren in the Congregational ministry to Hampstead for a few days of quiet fellowship of thought and worship. The numbers and the publicity must have interfered a little with the spirit of retirement suitable for such a gathering. Its size made it almost into a Union meeting with the laymen and the contentious business left out. For some purposes the animation of a crowd is not the best atmosphere. We are glad to notice that *The Christian World* speaks in appreciative terms of the fine temper of the speech of welcome by the Rev. H. Gow, whose exclusion from the Free Church Council gave him the advantage of a few words all to himself. With a touch of humour he reminded them of Carlyle's words, "He is a delightful man, a dear friend; we agree in everything except our opinions."

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland has been the scene lately of a vigorous and uncompromising onslaught upon the Confession of Faith. Principal Story, of Glasgow University, described its inadequacy in face of the moral and intellectual demands of the present day in scathing terms. We cannot remember, indeed, any criticism of an ancient formula at the hands of those who profess to believe it more searching in its character. It is quite clear also that Principal Story has a large number of sympathisers, who feel with him that something must be done to relieve uneasy consciences and to remove the rapidly growing suspicion of clerical sincerity. The proposal to adopt a declaratory act, in order to explain how little is meant by signing the confession, seems rather a trivial expedient as the conclusion of such a vehement attack. Some speakers saw very clearly that it would have little or no value in the eyes of the laity.

The Christian World has done a public service in exposing the bogus character of many American degrees. It has won the libel action brought by the Rev. Charles Garnett for describing the D.D. of Harrison University, U.S.A., with which he chose to adorn his name, as contemptible and worthless. The case is fully reported in *The Christian World* of June 18th, and makes very laughable reading. Other bogus degrees will hardly survive such an exposure, and we may hope that the appetite of some of the less scholarly men in the Nonconformist ministry for these decorations has received a wholesome check. Of course, no man with a true instinct for fitness or worth could ever demean himself in such a way; but there are many pitfalls for the unwary, and the religious public is easily gulled. We congratulate all concerned, and not least the unfortunate Mr. Garnett himself, upon the issue of the case. He will be a better preacher of the Gospel without his spurious D.D.

The noonday service on Thursday at the City Temple is a remarkable institution. Not long ago we found ourselves one of the crowd. At a quarter before twelve the building was full. The congregation was a very miscellaneous one. Considering the hour the number of men was remarkable, but women seemed to preponderate. The service of hymn and scripture lesson and prayer was very simple, and but for the stillness Mr. Campbell's voice would hardly have carried to the back of the church. The sermon was an earnest address upon Repentance. There was nothing about it in the least sensational. From what we had heard about Mr. Campbell we were surprised, not at its evangelistic tone, but at the use of many current theological phrases which most of his hearers could only understand in the old conventional way. He indulged also in a good deal of fanciful interpretations of the Bible, and the lines of fact and fancy were

constantly blurred. But the people listened, that was the remarkable thing. There was nothing to draw them in these crowds, but the fact that the preacher's words spoke to their hearts and helped them. The whole service was an impressive and, we confess, a most refreshing testimony not merely to a prevalent wistfulness about spiritual things—we believe that Mr. Campbell has attributed his success in part to this cause—but still more to the deep-seated religiousness of human nature.

The New Womanhood.

From an Address by John W. Chadwick.

If there is one woman whom all other women should honour, in spite of her deflection from the path of a conventional morality, it is Mary Wollstonecraft, whose "Vindication of the Rights of Women" was a superb disclaimer of the ideal of womanhood prevailing in her time, which was, as she described it and denounced it, "to have a small appetite, to be easily frightened and very ignorant, and to be well versed in the art of skilful flattery." Certainly, we have reformed this indifferently, if we have not reformed it altogether. The most significant revolutions of society, as of the earth's structure and condition, are those that take place most noiselessly, most quietly. The nineteenth century was characterised by many wonderful revolutions. There was that in locomotion, attendant on the application of steam to machinery for land and ocean travel and the later application of electricity to the same end. There was that in methods of communication, attendant on the discoveries of the electric telegraph and the telephone; while, on the threshold of another century, we seem to have contrived a messenger who will make their jog-trot ways shortly appear as antiquated and absurd as the colonial mail has seemed to us. There was that of Darwin's "Origin of Species," which set aside the doctrine of special creation and put that of natural selection in its place. There was that of the great war, which broke the shackles of four million slaves, but could not, alas! at once free them or their masters from the entail of misery which slavery was bound to leave behind—a paralysing, poisonous trail. But none of these revolutions, I have sometimes imagined, was so important, as certainly none was so quiet in the main, as that which has given us a new womanhood in the place of that which the nineteenth century found in possession when in due order it arrived upon the scene.

If the new industrial womanhood had exhausted this revolution, it would still be sufficiently remarkable. There was plenty of work being done by women a century ago; but its scope was well-nigh limited to that of the household, with its child-rearing and allied domestic cares, that of the factory operative soon coming in, and that of ornamental needlework persisting all the way along. How vast the difference a century has made!—the century's second half, the most of it, if I do not misreckon. Putting the professions aside for the time being, the record is that women have invaded hundreds of employments that were closed to them fifty years ago, that hundreds of thousands of women have done this, and that none of the terrible consequences have ensued which the lugubrious Jeremiahs prophesied. In fact, the amount of economical disturbance has been incalculably less than a shrewd economist would very properly have anticipated. Such an enormous injection of new labour into the industrial body must, it would seem, disturb its functional equilibrium to an unheard of and a critical degree. What would become of the poor men ousted from their places by this invasion of women, whereby the kingdom of labour suffered violence and the violent took it by force? It was a groundless fear. The industrial organism was subjected to an enormous strain, and proved better equal to it than the most sanguine of the political economists could originally conceive.

A woman thoroughly at home in the economics of the new womanhood asks, "Does the better earning capacity of women injure the economic prospects of men? Is it really an alternative whether women shall work or men?" Because, if it is, she thinks that women would better withdraw from the great competition than burden themselves with the support of their male relatives. Of course, there has been industrial disturbance here and there. "A bridal dawn of thunder peals wherever thought has wedded fact," is only what we should expect. Particular men have suffered from the competition of particular women; but have not particular women suffered from the competition of particular men?

That is a flimsy objection to the industrial freedom of women which protests that man is the head of the family and responsible for its support. There are unmarried women, and there are those who have lost their husbands, and there are those whose husbands are rotten sticks where sturdy maintenance is required. In London alone there were a few years ago one hundred and ninety-five thousand women who were heads of families. It is an economic principle that any head of a family, man or woman, should have good pay for good work. The obligations that pertain to every head of a family are reasons why every woman should have industrial opportunity and industrial education. But the fundamental weakness of the objection to the industrial freedom of women is its assumption that there is only a certain amount of work, so that, if some have more, others must have less, when the fact is that the amount of work is not a statical but a dynamic factor—that it increases with the world's population and its needs. A century ago there was barely enough work in England for ten millions of people: now there is enough work for thirty millions. How? Because thirty millions require three times as much more as ten millions, wants remaining stationary. But wants do not remain stationary. The day labourer in our time has wants which the wealthiest, kings and nobility, were ignorant of a few centuries ago. Hence more and more demand for labour all the time. Labour-saving machinery has multiplied the labour power of the community a hundredfold—two hundred I have read—and still there is room for more workers in the vineyard, such a stomach has this creature, man, for the newly-discovered fruits of its own restless activity. If the less labourers, the better, were the rule, standing armies would be social blessings. But the stock argument against standing armies is that they consume without producing anything of corresponding value. There was a standing army of women which had a similar defect. But it has been decimated twice and thrice already, and the end is not yet. A careful report in 1894 revealed the fact that the taking on of women and girls in various employments, instead of diminishing the employment of men and boys, had increased it at an abnormal rate.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates." They do praise her everywhere, but not as they would if her industrial emancipation were more complete. The industrial woman suffers much from her comparative exclusion from the field of skilled labour, and she does not enjoy the fruit of her hands to any adequate degree. In hundreds and thousands of places she is doing work as good as that for which men are getting better paid. To some extent it may be conceded that we are dealing here with subtle economic laws, which press hard upon the individual in the interest of society at large. Of women's physical disabilities too much has been made. Men lose more time than women in the employments in which they are engaged together. But there is, no doubt, a quality of impermanence in women's work, taken in the mass, because the factor of marriage enters so deeply into it. The readiness with which women frequently abandon a first-rate employment for a tenth-rate husband would be amusing if it were not tragical. But, while there is this undertow of marriage dragging the economic woman from her firm foothold in the working world, I do not see why in so many particular cases there should be an inequality of pay for equal work that is monstrously unjust. The economic laws are natural laws; and, like all natural laws, they are often much more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Emerson's proverb, "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind," does not express an ideal, but merely a deplorable condition.

The educational aspect of the new womanhood is not less interesting and important than the industrial. Indeed, the two aspects are profoundly interrelated. There cannot be freedom of employment for women unless there is freedom of education. Nothing could be more inimical to women's industrial capacity than the traditional ideal of a different knowledge for men and women, the woman's knowledge to be only of such things as will make her agreeable to man, or, as Ruskin put it, to be the same as man's, and yet known in a different way. The new womanhood requires that women's knowledge shall not be any mere accomplishment or ornament, or men's knowledge half or quarter known, but true knowledge of exactly the same kind as that which men acquire. Of course, the man adapts his education to his intended occupation (he does this far too much); and the woman must, no

doubt, take the same course. But all special education should be rooted in a ground of general knowledge which should be common to the man and woman. The bias of the marriage factor has been strong against this view with many people. They say that it is wasting time and money to educate a girl who will fall in love with the young man who dances with her on her graduation day, and marry him within the year. They say that a real education in true knowledge unfits a woman for domestic life. They say a good many other things, and they do not all hang together perfectly. It may be a poor rule that will not work both ways; but they must not be contradictory ways. We cannot have our cake and eat it. We cannot, at one and the same time, entertain the "waste-your-time-and-money" theory and the theory that the educated young woman will so scare the uneducated young man, and even the educated, that the proposal that he fain would make to her will die upon his lips. The "waste-your-time-and-money" theory is the nearer right. I heard an educated Boston girl inquire, "Did Ben Jonson make the famous Johnson's dictionary?" and I heard the Harvard graduate reply, "Bless me, if I know!" Here was a ground of sympathy established, and the barriers of fear were broken down. I divined an engagement not far off. But, even where the education has made lapses of this kind impossible, the girl-graduate is not a formidable creature, and the young man, educated or uneducated, is not quickly put to flight. His self-esteem encases him in triple brass. A good education, like good industrial ability, will, as it ought to, make here and there one marriage less; that is, it will exempt a woman here and there from the necessity of marrying the man to whom she is indifferent in order to secure her personal support. It will convince one here and there that marriage is not the *sine qua non*, that a woman has in herself a capacity for independence quite as much as man. But these are arguments for, and not against, the good education and the industrial training. As for the general bias of education upon marriage, the mutual attraction of the man and woman will take care of that. This fear that women will be unsexed by industry and education always makes me think of a time-honoured building in my native town which they thought would tumble down, so they put gunpowder under it, and there was a loud explosion; but they could not blow it up. The sexual factor in human nature is not less firmly built together. It is ineradicable, inexpugnable. We need not fear that it will tumble down. We cannot blow it up. Certainly there is here and there a mannish woman—mannish in her dress and speech, mannish with her cigar. This is the silly side of the new womanhood.

"For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse."

The equality of the sexes does not involve their likeness. There is as much sex in minds as there is in bodies; and what we want is not less, but more, distinctive womanhood, in literature, in art of every kind, in life through all its range.

But to plead for the new womanhood as an educated womanhood is a waste of breath. For better or for worse the revolution this way is upon us in full swing. Everywhere women's colleges are springing up. Smith and Wellesley cannot build fast enough for the young women flocking to their doors. The older and more conservative institutions are taking down the barriers they have opposed. Just here I turned to something which I wrote upon this subject ten or twelve years ago, and found that it was already antiquated, so firm and strong since then had been the onward march. And not less remarkable than the extended educational opportunity has been the product of this opportunity in intellectual work. Where are its new George Eliots, Charlotte Brontés, Harriet Stowes, George Sands? Does not this question open on the fact that the old régime was not entirely barren of good things? It does, indeed. But no education can create genius: that is the gift of God. And, strangely enough, as in the Bronté home, the circumstances that seem best calculated to repress it are sometimes those on which it thrives. Nevertheless, I believe that our mute, inglorious Miltons—Sapphos, rather—will be fewer under the new order. I once said to a physician, as we were driving together through a Brooklyn slum, "The children seem to thrive on these conditions," and he made answer, "The dead ones are not here." Infinite, I imagine, the amount of possible genius that has been crushed and killed by the conditions that have hitherto prevailed.

Freedom of industry, freedom of education—

these are two of the signs by which the new womanhood has conquered and will conquer: a third is freedom of marriage—freedom *of* marriage and *in* marriage. By freedom *of* marriage I mean freedom from the necessity of it as an escape from intolerable conditions. One of the most blessed things in the new industrial and new educational womanhood is that it brings such an assurance of this freedom as women have not heretofore enjoyed. Heretofore how many women have entered into loveless unions to escape grinding poverty, to get bread to put into their parents' or their children's mouths! For their own they do not care so much. How often was the premarital condition such that the woman would "marry anyone to get out of it!" The industrial activity of women has no better justification and no higher inspiration than this: that it enables her to act obediently to the dictates of her conscience and her heart. Else we may have marriages—we have had them by tens of thousands—hardly more moral than the transitory follies of the class with whom woman's virtue is a commodity to be bought and sold. Else we must have women stooping to marriage when they ought to rise to it, giving their free consent, "the great uncompelled choice of their minds and hearts." Woman's industrial freedom is the surest pledge of her emancipation from the bondage of economic necessity in marriage—that freedom of marriage without which marriage is that corruption of the best, which is the worst thing possible.

The new womanhood reaches to its height not only in this freedom of marriage, from its economic necessity, but in freedom *in* marriage. The traditional ideal is that the woman exists for the man "to have and to hold," her part to "love, honour, and *obey*." This is the ideal of a barbarous time surviving in our own. Probably it will survive in our ecclesiastical ritual for a long time yet. It has no place in the form or spirit of the new womanhood. If a woman cannot marry without promising to obey her husband, her self-respect should dictate that she be not married at all. The clergyman was thought to make an awful break when he made the man promise to obey the woman, but his slip was every whit as rational as the prescribed form. There is no more reason why the woman should obey the man than there is reason for the man to obey the woman. To the extent that authority is exercised (and, whatever is promised, it is not seldom that the *man* obeys), the beauty, the sacredness, of the marriage relation is broken down and marred.

The new womanhood means the development of a larger, deeper, richer personality for women; and, meaning this, it means, I am obliged to think, the acceptance on the part of women of the responsibilities of political thought and action. I have dwelt upon this so fully and so frankly heretofore that there is little need for me to dwell upon it now. The term "Women's Rights" is not an exhaustive formula. "If the right to vote is ours," some women say, "it is our privilege to waive the right." Not if it is their duty to exercise it. The fact is that woman's individual life, her home life, needs the consecration of a great public life for its best realisation. Set in the larger round of great public interests, the individual, the domestic, life will be enlarged through vital sympathy, and will take on a purer essence and a nobler form. Mere political prejudices will be exchanged for well-grounded opinions, passing into convictions if they bear the test of wide experience. I am no more persuaded of the superior morality of women than I am of the superior intelligence of men. I should not expect the purification of our politics from the infusion of the woman's vote. I should expect, at first, an exaggeration of the personal and emotional elements as a result of woman's contribution to our political affairs. But the right exercise of functions is acquired by using them. No people ever yet learned how to govern itself by being simply governed by another people, howsoever well. In due time the stream would run itself clear, as will that of our male politics, though to believe this may be hard for some of you who have the scandal of the sheriff's office pressing on your minds and hearts. There is no death in this unsavoury pot. Things have to be very bad before some people realise that they are bad at all. "When the tale of bricks is doubled, then Moses comes."

Tennyson was right. "The woman's cause is man's: they rise or fall together, bond or free." The crucial fact is not that either is superior to the other, but that they can better do the world's whole work *together* than they can do it separately and alone. If neither man nor woman has so far attained to the best possible, it is in good part because neither has demanded of the other what that other should perform.

Reviews.

POETRY AND PICTURES.*—Most of these poems have already appeared in various magazines, and many in the *Seed Sower*. Mr. Johnson has so real a gift of melody that we are glad to see his poems gathered into a well got up volume. The poem from which the book takes its title is by no means among Mr. Johnson's best efforts, and would scarcely have been written had not the author fallen under the spell of Walt Whitman. Far more successful is "The House of Life," a series of short poems on the symbolical pictures of Mr. Watts—poems about which the great artist himself writes, "I have had

* "The Roadmakers," by Harold Johnson. London: Watts & Co.

many literary and poetical translations of my pictures sent to me from time to time, but I may say that none have seemed to me so much in keeping with the work as your 'House of Life.'" This is high commendation, but it is well deserved. Indeed, so far as the present volume is concerned, Mr. Johnson's strength is in the "literary and poetical translation" of great pictures. His poems on Millet's fine work in "The Angelus," "The Sowers," etc., are admirable expositions of noble texts, as also a series of sonnets suggested by the frescoes in the Boston Public Library. Yet, for our own part, we like Mr. Johnson best when he plays on his own oaten pipe, singing us his own songs, independent of anybody else's text. Here is a delightful bit of music called "The Spirit of Spring."

The spirit of Spring is abroad in all
The hearts and the minds of men,
The new sap mounts and the old leaves fall,
The world shall be green again.

The new wine bursts through the old wine skin,
The new cloth rends the old,
The light of day and the soul within
Shine bright in the brave and bold.

The garden is glad with the apple bloom,
The moor with the gorse and bee;
And the soul of man shall yet have room
In the temple that is to be.

Mr. Johnson excels in little outbursts of song which give some familiar thought new and melodious utterance, as in "The One Thing Needful":—

Only one lesson to teach,
Only one lesson to learn;
Give thy love unto each,
Ask love of each in return:
Love is beginning and end,
Love is the whole and the part—
Friend, in the love of thy friend,
Share in the infinite Heart.

The age is not so rich in poetic gifts that we can afford to let Mr. Johnson go without a word of grateful appreciation. Welcome is every true voice that bids us follow the gleam!

PASTORAL THEOLOGY.*—A new book for the clergy by Archdeacon Wilson will be welcome to the ministers of all denominations. Dr. Wilson cannot treat of any subject without investing it with a certain freshness, and the well-worn themes of Pastoral Theology receive at his hands a new setting in response to the needs of a new age. Pastoral problems are by no means to-day what they have been in the past. The changed social, industrial, and educational conditions bring the Pastor face to face with questions and difficulties of which his predecessors never dreamed. Dr. Wilson tells us that his lectures do not profess to do more than deal with certain "attitudes of mind"—the attitude of the Pastor to Social questions and National welfare—to Philosophy and Science—towards the Bible—towards the congregation, etc. Dealing with principles rather than details, they are lectures more likely to help by way of stimulus and suggestion than by way of direction. Each minister must make the application for himself. What the Pastor ought to be in himself, and what should be his attitude to the world of to-day with its doubts, hopes, despair, yearnings, drink problems, housing problems, slum problems, intellectual and critical problems—this is what the book discusses, and with a force and wisdom which we doubt not many will find most helpful. Dr. Wilson compels us to look at our usual phrases of lamentation concerning the scepticism, irreligion and indifference of the age, and ask exactly what they mean and how far they answer to the facts of the case. No men are more apt to come into the bondage of sweeping generalisations than ministers, declaring that the age is sickly, or infidel, or indifferent, charging upon the world at large what may be only true of a little section, failing to see how superficial is the observation of life which such phrases express. What can be more wholesome than this? "Do we not hear everywhere of widespread indifference and of widespread unbelief? *Indifference to what? Unbelief in what?* And in *whom* are the indifference and unbelief we are thinking of? We must focus our glasses, and test generalisations such as these by individualisation. We must not confound indifference to us clergy, or to what we have to say, with indifference to religion and to God; or confuse some people's unbelief in what they have mistakenly come to think is the Christian message with unbelief in the eternal verities. We do the men outside, and still more those inside our churches wrong, if we think of them as universally indifferent to religion. People are often irresponsive, unanalytical. A man may be indifferent to the clergy, but he is not indifferent to religion, as he conceives it. He may suspend his judgment on a good many points to which we professionally attach importance, and we may call that state of mind unbelief. But think how much he has in common with us. We all mean exactly the same thing by a Christian act, temper and character. The Christian character is as much his ideal as ours; and are we sure that he is much further from it? . . . . Do not let us adopt the prevailing cant about 'widespread indifference.' And I caution you against a similar unthinking charge against the world of 'unbelief.' It is a most important matter for clergy to understand. The tone of unbelief has greatly changed, and what clergy often say of it is now twenty, is even fifty, years out of date. Scepticism to-day is serious, not light-hearted; conscientious, not scoffing; it is often full of sadness and pain; it is passing here and there into a deeper and stronger but humbler faith, returning to older and simpler lines. It is constantly, as we can all see, associated with a splendid ideal and active life of duty and service and patience, which may well claim our respect for the faith from which it springs. . . . 'Unbelief is sometimes only an insolent name for a different, and it may well be a juster, proportion of faith." We commend Dr. Wilson's book to the ministers of our Free Churches. Its counsels are as good for them as for the clergy of the Anglican Church. They will find it a live book for living men.

* "Cambridge Lectures on Pastoral Theology," by Archdeacon Wilson, D.D. London, Macmillian & Co.

News from the Field.

Though changes among ministers and congregations are frequent we have few to record this month. *Hapton* has welcomed a Mr. *A. Rump* to its ministry. He was at one time superintendent of the Girls' Sunday School at the Octagon Chapel, *Norwich*, but we are ignorant of the other qualifications which we assume he possesses. The Rev. *E. Saville Hicks, M.A.*, has completed three years of good service as assistant to the Rev. *C. J. Street, M.A.*, of Bolton, and is now to be succeeded by Mr. *John Evans, B.A.*, of the Home Missionary College. We hope he may successfully carry on the work of his predecessor. The Rev. *L. P. Jacks, M.A.*, goes to Oxford as a Professor, and he is to be succeeded in his ministry at Birmingham by Rev. *J. Worsley Austin, M.A.* Other changes in different places will be announced at an early date.

The *South Cheshire and District Association* held its anniversary at *Nantwich* at the end of May, under the presidency of the Rev. *J. C. Street*. All the congregations of the district were represented. The reports were of an encouraging character, and the various meetings were well attended and of a cheering character. Between two of the meetings a visit was paid to the Willaston School. Mr. *Guy Lewis* acted as guide. In the evening an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. *C. Roper, B.A.* There was a strong feeling of regret, if not of indignation, that the *Crewe* Chapel and School had been closed.

The *Manchester District Sunday School Association* had a great success in its bazaar, and realised a net sum of £1029 12s. 9d. We may now look for even greater work from the earnest men and women of this Association.

On Whit Sunday the Sunday Schools of the *Manchester District* met, as usual, in the *Free Trade Hall*. There were between five and six thousand scholars and teachers present. The Rev. *Dendy Agate, B.A.*, gave a pleasing address on "White Garments," and secured the interested attention of his great congregation.

The *London Domestic Missions* have celebrated their anniversary, under the chairmanship of the Rev. *John Hunter, D.D.* The Doctor spoke most appreciatingly of the good work done by these missions, and his words were followed up by those of other distinguished men. Occasion was taken to welcome the Rev. *S. H. Street, B.A.*, on his taking charge of the work at *Rye Street*. The great cry at the meeting was for larger funds, and more workers to carry on the enlarging work of the missions.

The *Missionary Conference*, with the aid of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, are undertaking summer missions again at *Colwyn Bay* and at *Windermere*. Visitors to these places should look out for, and attend, these services.

The Old Congregation at *Rivington* has just celebrated the bi-centenary of its establishment. The proceedings seem to have been of a most interesting character. Mr. *R. D. Darbishire, B.A.*, presided, the Rev. *C. J. Street, M.A.*, preached, and the Rev. *Alex. Gordon, M.A.*, was among the speakers. A full report of the various services and meetings is to be published.

Some serious discussion has been commenced in our papers, and much more has taken place among the ministers throughout the country, respecting the rules under which the large funds of the *Ministers' Benevolent Society* are administered, and an urgent appeal, if not a demand, is being made that powers should be taken to alter the rules in such a way as to make the fund more generally useful than at present it can be. We venture to hope that the governing body of this Society will carefully and sympathetically consider what steps can properly be taken to adapt the fund to the larger requirements of the day.

The principal meetings of the month have been those connected with the anniversaries of the *British and Foreign Unitarian Association* and the *Sunday School Association*. The large meetings so recently held at *Liverpool* interfered very little, if at all, with the London gatherings. *Essex Hall* was crowded by an eager audience to listen to Mr. *Birrell, Q.C.*, who discoursed eloquently on "Emerson." The theme was a great one, and, on the whole, it was greatly treated. If there was any lack of understanding and appreciation on the part of the lecturer, it was on the spiritual side of *Emerson's* character and teaching. But the audience felt that Mr. *Birrell* spoke with fine judgment, and in fitting language, of the literary and prophetic distinction of the great American leader. *Portland Street Chapel* was filled with a delighted audience to hear our eminent visitor, the Rev. *Dr. Crooker*, of The Arbour, Michigan. His sermon finely set forth the affirmations and aspirations of our common faith. He and his accomplished wife, who is a recognised minister of the Universalist Church, gave and received great delight at the various meetings, and they will leave behind them, and carry away with them, happy impressions about our common life and worship. The annual meetings of both societies were not only well attended, and in all usual respects were successful in their character, but were animated with an earnestness of spirit and a loftiness of aim far greater than was ever displayed at any previous meetings of late. Larger resources are at the command of the *British and Foreign Association*, and its committee seem resolved to turn them to full account both at home and abroad. The *Postal Mission* workers gave a good account of themselves, and entered upon a new career of work with unflagging zeal and untiring energy. The ministers' meeting, at which *Dr. Crooker* gave a fine address on "Worship," was largely attended, and every minister present felt that it was good to be there. The *Temperance* meetings were large and encouraging, and fittingly concluded a week's proceedings of the highest interest and utility.

Many events of interest to congregations and ministers cannot be chronicled in these pages, but we wish our workers and thinkers all over the field to believe that we rejoice in their doings and aspirations, and always wish them "God-speed."

SCRUTATOR.

19th June, 1903.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Marigolds.

The marigolds are nodding;
I wonder what they know.
Go, listen very gently;
You may persuade them so.

Go, be their little brother
As humble as the grass,
And lean upon the hill-wind,
And watch the shadows pass.

Put off the pride of knowledge,
Put by the fear of pain;
You may be counted worthy
To live with them again.

Be Darwin in your patience,
Be Chaucer in your love;
They may relent, and tell you
What they are thinking of.

—*Bliss Carman.*

Wading.

Summer's sunny days have come;
Soft and sweet the wind is blowing;
Bees across the meadows hum
Where the golden flowers are growing;
Fields and trees are green and fair,
And sunshine's sleeping everywhere.

O, the sunny summer days,
When the ripples dance and quiver;
And the sun at noontide lays
Star-like jewels on the river!
Take your shoes off; wade in here
Where the water's warm and clear.

Listen to the song it sings,
Ever rippling, ever flowing;
Telling of a thousaad things;
Whence it comes, and whither going;
Singing, like the birds and bees,
Of the wondrous world it sees.

"Come and I shall bathe your feet,
Little boys so warm with playing
In the summer's sultry heat,"
This is what the stream is saying.
Off go jacket, socks, and shoes,
How could any boy refuse.

See the fishes dart about,
Where a thousand lights are dancing;
Here a minnow, there a trout
Like a sword of silver glancing—
Is it hide and seek they play
Through the sunny summer day?

All the wood is filled with sound,
And the very air is ringing,
Up and down and all around,
With the songs the birds are singing.
O the golden summer hours
When earth's a paradise of flowers!

Baby's Big World.

When the day is nearly done,
And the birds have gone to rest,
Baby likes to see the sun
Setting in the golden west.

So she climbs upon a chair;
Gazes out with round, blue eyes,
While the sunlight on her hair
Makes it golden as the skies.

What a big, big world she sees!
Leafy lanes and winding rills,
Great green fields, and shady trees,
And, far away, the silent hills.

Round about the setting sun
Clouds are bidding him good night;
Baby sees them, every one,
Glowing in his golden light.

When the clouds are growing dim,
And their gold has changed to red,
Baby sings her evening hymn,
Lisps her prayer and goes to bed.

Ere the stars begin to peep
In the heavens, east and west,
Baby will be sound asleep
Like a birdie in its nest.

Still perhaps in dreams she sees,
Leafy lanes, and winding rills;
Great green fields, and shady trees;
Golden clouds and silent hills.

R. L. Stevenson.

Don't Fret.

If you've each day good food in sight,
If you can sleep eight hours at night,
With appetite to send you to it—
And have the bed on which to do it—
If, now and then, a dance, a play,
Some simple pleasures comes your way,
You have far more than many get—
Don't fret!